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HOURS WITH MEN AND WOMEN OF THE REUOLUTION.

THE LAST SURVIVING BELLE OF THE REVOLUTION.

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ELIZABETH SCHUYLER, daughter of General Philip Schuyler, was one of the most charming women of her day at almost every period of her long life. Well educated, posessed of many accomplishments, used to the elegances and etiquette of the best social circles of New York; connected by consanguinity with the leading families of the state; richly endowed with a comely person, a sweet and affectionate disposition, and vivatious and witty withal, she was regarded as one of the most attractive belles during a portion of the period of the Revolution. Even as a young matron, the wife of Colonel, Alexander Hamilton, she was an ornament and representative of the best society of the commonwealth, always lively and gracious' yet dignified. And in the evening shadows of her lone life—a widow for fifty years—her society was sought by the intellectual and refined.

When, in the spring of 1786, Dr. Franklin, Charles Carrol and Samuel Chase, a committee of the Continental Congress invested with its delegated powers, went to Canada on a diplomatic mission, they were entertained at Albany by General Schuyler, and by him conveyed to Lake George. Mr. Carrol wrote of the General in his journal:

"He behaved to us with great civility; lives in pretty style; has two daughters (Betsy and Peggy), lively, agreeable, black-eyed gals, who made our stay very pleasant."

These were Elizabeth, afterward Mrs. Hamilton, and Margaret, the future spouse of the Albany patroon, Stephen Van Rensselaer.

In the spring of 1780 Miss Schuyler accompanied her parents to the headquarters of the Continental army at Morristown, New Jersey, where they tarried several weeks. She attracted much attention. There Colonel Hamilton, Washington's accomplished secretary, enamored by her charms, wooed and won her, and they were marreid at Albany in December, the same year. From that time she was one of the most beloved and cherished friends of Mrs. Washington, until the death of the latter, more than twenty years afterward. Their mutual attachment seemed like that of mother and daughter.

Mrs. Hamilton was deeply affected by the demise of ner distinguished friend. Two years later she was compelled to endure a far greater bereavement in the sudden death of her husband, at the age of forty-seven, slain by a pistol ball on the duelling-ground at Weehawken. For fifty years afterward she lived a widow' dying at the home of her only daughter, Mrs. Holly in Washington City. In a large pocketbook which she carried about her person was found a letter written to her by her husband on the morning of his departure for the fatal field. It was much discolored by her tears. She had carried it in her bosom for half a century.

I was in Washington at the close of 1848, and enjoyed the privileg of passing my first evening there with the venerable widow of General Hamilton. She was then in the ninety-second year of her age, and showing few symptoms, in person and mind, of extreme longevity. The sunny cheerfulness of her temper and quiet humor, which had shed their blessed influences around her all through her life, still made her deportment genial and attractive. Her memory, faithful to the myriad impressions of a long and eventful experience, was ever ready with its various reminiscences to give a peculiar charm to her conversation upon subjects of the buried past. She was then the last living belle of the Revolution, and possibly the last survivor of the notable women who gave a charm to the Republican court at New York and Philadelphia during Washington's administration.

When I revealed to Mrs. Hamilton the object of my visit, her dark eyes beamed with pleasurable emotion. She seated herself in an easy-chair near me, and we talked without ceasing upon the interesting theme until invited by her daughter to the tea-table. At 8 o'clock we were joined by a French lady, eight or ten years the junior of Madam Hamilton.

Our conversation began abruptly.

"I have lately visited Judge Ford at Morristown," I remarked.

"Judge Ford, Judge Ford," she repeated musingly; "Oh I remember now. He called on me a few years ago and brought to my recollection many little events which occurred while I was at Morristown with my father and mother during the war, and which I had forgotten. I remember him as a bright boy, much thought of by Mr. Hamilton, who was then Washington's secretary. He brought to mamma and me from Mrs. Washington an invitation to headquarter soon after our arrival at Morristown."

"Had you ever seen Mrs. Washington before?" I inquired.

"Never. She received us so kindly, kissing us both, for the General and papa were very warm friends. She was then almost fifty years old, but was still handsome. She was quite short; a plump little woman with dark brown eyes, her hair a little frosty, and very plainly dressed for such a grand lady as I considered her. She wore a plain brown gown of homespun stuff, a large white neckerchief, a neat cap, and her plain gold wedding ring which she had worn more than twenty years. Her graces and cheerful manner delighted us. She was always my ideal of a true woman. Her thoughts were then much on the poor soldiers who had suffered during that dreadful winter, and she expressed her joy at the approach of milder spring-time."

"Were you much at headquarters afterward?" I inquired.

,,Only a short time the next winter and an occasional visit," she replied. "We went to New Windsor after we were married, and there a few weeks afterward Mr. Hamilton left the General's military family. I made my home with my parents at Albany, while my husband remained in the army until after the surrender of Cornwallis. I visited Mrs. Washington at headquarters at Newburg on her invitation, in the summer of 1782, when I remember she had a beautiful flower garden planted and cultivated by her own hands. It was a lovely spot. The residence was an old stone house standing on the high bank of the river and overlooking a beautiful bay and the lofty highlands beyond. We were taken fron Newburgh in a barge to the headquarters of the French army, a little below Peekskill, where we were cordially received by the Viscount de Naoilles, a kinsman of Madam Lafayette, who was Mr. Hamiltons warm friend. We remained there several days, and were witnesses of the excellent discipline of the French troops. There we saw the brave young Irishwoman called 'captain Molly,' whom I had seen two or three times before. She seemed to be a sort of pet of the French."

"Who was 'captain Molly,' and for what was she famous?" I asked.

"Why, don't you remember reading of her exploit at the battle of Monmouth? She was the wife of a cannonier—a stout, red-haired, freckled-faced young Irish woman named Mary. While her husband was managing one of the field pieces in that action she constantly brought water from a spring near by. A shot from the British killed him at his post, and the officer in command having no one competent to fill his place, ordered the piece to be withdrawn. Molly (as she was called) saw her husband fall as she came from the spring, and she also heard the order. She dropped her bucket, seized the rammer, and vowed that she would fill the place of her husband at the gun and aveng his death. She performed the duty with great skill and won the admiration of all who saw her. My husband told me that she was brought in by General Green the next morning, her dress soiled with blood and dust, and presented to Washington as worthy of reward. The General, admiring her courage, gave her the commission of a sergeant, and on his recommendation her name was placed upon the list of half-pay officers for life. She was living near Fort Montgomery in the highlands at the time of our visit, and came to the camp two or three times while we were there. She was dressed in a sergeant's coat and waistcoat over her petticoat, and a cocked hat. The story of her exploit charmed the French officers, and they made her many presents. She would sometimes pass along the French lines when on parade and get her hat nearly filled with crowns."

"You must have seen and become acquainted with very many of the most distinguished men and women of America, and also eminent foreigners, while your husband was in Washington's Cabinet," I remarked.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "I had little of private life in those days. Mrs. Washington, who, like myself, had a passionate love of home and domestic life, often complained of the 'waste of time' she was compelled to endure. 'They call me the First Lady of the Land, and think I must be extremely happy,' she would say almost bitterly, at times, and add, they might more properly call me the Chief State Prisoner.'

"As I was younger than she I mingled more in the gaieties of the day. I was fond of dancing, and usually attended the public balls that were given. I was at the Inauguration ball—the most brilliant of them all—which was given early in May at the Assembly Rooms on Broadway, above Wall street. It was attended by the President and Vice-President, the Cabinet officers, a majority of the members of Congress, the French and Spanish ministers, and military and civil officers, with their wives and daughters. Mrs Washington had not yet arrived in New York from Mount Vernon, and did not until three weeks later. On that occasion every woman who attended the ball was presented with a fan, prepared in Paris, with ivory frames, and when opened displayed a likeness of Washington in profile."

"Were you often at balls which Washington attended?" I inquired.

"Frequently."

"Did he usually dance on such occasions?"

"I never saw Washington dance," she replied. "He would always choose a partner and walk through the figures correctly, but he never danced. His favorite was the minute, a slow, graceful dance, suited to his dignity and gravity, and now little known' I believe.'

"Mrs. Washington's receptions were very brilliant, were they not?" I asked.

"Brilliant so far as beauty, fashion social distinction went," she replied; "otherwise they were very plain and entirely unostentatious."

"Did you usually attend them?" I asked.

"Frequently. I remember a very exciting scene at one of her earlier receptions. Ostrich plumes, waving high over the head formed a part of the evening head-dress of a fashionable belle at that time. Miss McEvers, sister of Mrs. Edward Livingston, who was present, had plumes unusually high. The ceiling of the drawing-room of the President's house, near Franklin square, was rather low, and Miss McEvers's plumes were ignited by the flame of the chandelier. Major Jackson, Washington's aide-de-camp, sprang to the rescue of the young lady and extinguished the fire by smothering it with his hands."

"You saw many distinguished French people, refuges from the tempest of of the revolutionary in France, did you not?" I inquired.

"Very many. New York became much Frenchified in speech and manners. Mr. Hamilton spoke French fluently, and as he did not sympathize with the revolutionists who drove the exiles from their homes, he was a favorite with many of the cultivated 'emiges.' Among the most distinguished of these was Telleyand, a strange creature, who staid in America nearly two years. He was notoriously misshapen, lame in one foot, his manners far from elegant, the tone of his voice was disagreeable, and in dress he was rather slovenly. Mr. Hamilton saw much of him, and while he admired the shrewd diplomat for his great intellectual endowments, he detested his utter lack of principle. He had no conscience. In the summer of 1794 he spent several days with us at the Grange, on Harlem Heights."

"Did you entertain the young son of Lafayette and his tutor at the Grange a year or two later?" I inquired.

"We did, while they were waiting for Washington to retire from office. They came to this country when the Marquis was in an Austrian prison, and his wife and daughter gladly shared his fate, their son, George Washington, was sent to the protection of Lafayette's beloved friend. The president and Mrs. Washington would gladly have received him into their family, but state policy forbade it at that critical time. The lad and his tutor passed a whole summer with us at the Grange. At length he and his pupil went to Philadelphia, lived quietly at private lodgings and when the retired President and his family left the seat of government for Mount Vernon, the tutor and pupil accompanied them. When the young man and his father were in this country twenty-odd years ago, they very warmly greeted me, for the Marquis loved Mr. Hamilton as a brother. Their love was mutual."

I might repeat many more utterances of interesting personal reminiscences of the venerable and venerated matron, but these must suffice. At my request she kindly wrote her name in my notebook. I bade her adieu immediately after tea. Her sweet spirit departed on the 9, of November, 1854, after a pilgrimage on earth of ninety-seven years and three months.

BENTON J. LOSSING, LL. D.

THE SPRINTERS.

It was an enthusiastic crowd of Dodge people who went to Hutchinson Friday to witness the foot race between Frank Only of this city and F. Ryan, manager of the Hutchinson base ball team for $300 a'side, of which mention was made in our last issue.

In making the start Bryan attempted to fool Only, and in doing so Only secured a start which made the race a walk over for him, and he crossd the line fifteen feet ahead of Bryan, and was waving his hand to him to come on. This result was a sore disappointment to the Hutchinson people, as they had good reason to believe their man was a good one, and they were very anxious to make a second match on the ground. Only was fresh from his desk, and not trained up to a point where it was wise to attempt a second race without rest, and he consented very reluctantly as his friends should not have urged him to do. The match was finally made for a purse of $200 over the same course. In starting Only's foot slipped and he lost ground and the same thing occured again when the race was half run. At seventy five yards there was five or six feet of day light between the two men. Only closed up this gap by a splendid burst of speed and if the distance had been two jumps greater would have won without a question, as it was both judges declared the race a tie, and finaly the Hutchinson man reversed his decision, and on appeal to the referee the money was handed over to Bryan, much to the disgust of all fair minded men, which includes a large part of the Hutchinson people who witnessed the race.

Before leaving Hutchinson Only's backers made a written challenge for another race in this city same distance for any amount from $500 up. We think we have the best sprinter in the West if not in this country, and are willing to back the opinion by covering all the money that Bryan's friends will place.

The Hutchinson news pays Mr. Only the following handsome compliment:

"Only has made quite a record at this distance, having beaten Gibson, the noted sprinter, about three weeks ago, at Dodge City. Only had never been beaten until Friday at his distance—100 yards. He is the acknowledged champion of the south and southwest, and though he abhors the thought of being considered a sprinter, he would with proper training in six months be the champion 100 yard runner of the country. He has been employed as assistant county clerk of Ford county for the past three years, and is a perfect little gentleman, very popular with every one who knows him, and very intelligent and agreeable.

His friends and backers were among Dodge City's most respectable citizens, who had perfect confidence in their man, knowing him to be thoroughly honest and a hard worker, and confident that Only would discountenance anything looking to a "hippodrome" or unfair race."

CONVENTIONS.

So many important political events are crowding together, that our readers may be interested in the following list:

National Republican Convention at Chicago June 19.

State Convention at Topeka July 25, to nominate a republican candidate for govenor, leiutenant govenor, associate judge of supreme court, secretary of state auditor, treasurer, attorney general, superintendent of instruction. Ford county will send three delegates.

State Convention at Wichita May 9, to nominate four delegates at large and four alternates to the Republican National Convention, also two presidential electors from the state at large. Ford county will send three delegates.

Congressional Convention at Garden City May 1, to nominate a candidate for congress in the seventh district embracing the thirty seven counties of South western Kansas, also a presidential from the seventh district. Ford county will send three delegates.

Senatorial Convention at Ness City May 18, to nominate a candidate for state senator.

County Convention to be held at Dodge City April 21, to select delegates to attend each of the above Conventions except the one at Chicago.